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COLUMBUS.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Give me white paper.
 This which you use is black and rough with smears
 Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
 Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
 Of battles and of famine all these years.
 When all God's children have forgot their birth,
 And drugged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

Give me white paper.
 One storm-trained seaman listened to the word.
 What no man saw he saw, he heard
 What no man heard.
 In answer he compelled the sea
 To eager man to tell
 The secret she had kept so well.
 Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind,
 Sailing still west the hidden shore to find.
 For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled
 Where God might write anew the story of the world.

THE SOLDIER'S POCKET BOOK.

A vigorous *resume* of "Lord Wolseley's Soldier's Pocket Book" has just been published by Mr. J. J. Wilson, at Birmingham, England. It shows how little of the ordinary morality of civilization is allowed a place in war. *Leges silent inter arma*. A soldier "must be taught to despise those in civil life." He is "to covet honor like a true sinner," to make use of his Testament as a means of identifying spies, or conveying secret messages, and to practise systematic deceit. It justifies giving reporters false news of contemplated movements.

The precepts about spies show as callous a disregard of good faith as was ever shown in heathen ages, and all ideas of mercy are cast to the winds, with other inconvenient Christian notions. When an enemy is retreating, "Run after him, hammer him with guns, charge him with cavalry; above all things pass round his flanks, and keep pushing him and hitting him from morning till night." If inhabitants of a town are hostile, a good way "to bring it to reason is to cut off the supplies of provisions and water." In retreats "a good means of retarding an enemy" is to set fire to a village after your artillery has passed through. After these bits of advice we need not wonder at Lord Wolseley expressing the regret that "men are too fond of helping their wounded comrades out of fire." Even the frenzy of battle, it appears, cannot entirely stifle the obligations of honor. Any one who wants to see how different war on the field is from war on the parade, will do well to obtain this little pamphlet, which deserves a wide circulation by friends of peace.—*Messiah's Kingdom*.

THE PERIL OF THE TIME.

The peril of the Church is a Bible with its infallibility, its divineness struck out, a theology with sin minimized or apologized for, with the Cross reduced to an object lesson, with culture substituted for the work of the Spirit, with saintship made a matter chiefly of self-development, retribution a figure of speech and the pit of perdition either filled up or spanned with a bow of hope.—*Dr. Goodwin*.

THE BETTER TIME.

But life shall on and upward go;
 The eternal step of Progress beats
 To the great anthem, calm and slow,
 Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again;
 A charmed life old Goodness hath.
 The tares may perish,—but the grain
 Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
 His first propulsion from the night;
 Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
 With morning light.

FEDERATION OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES.

The clock strikes seven, and the Pan-Congregational Council has now hurried into the City Temple. The subject for the evening is a great one, nothing less than the Federation of English-Speaking Peoples for International Arbitration, Universal Peace and the Furtherance of National Righteousness—there was nothing small about the Council. To dispose of this tremendous subject three men of note had been selected, Mr. Herbert Stead, the famous Newman Hall and our former U. S. Senator, Hon. J. W. Patterson of New Hampshire. Mr. Stead confessed at the outset that he was almost overpowered by the greatness of the theme. He had an able paper. Newman Hall is an orator. His finely modulated voice, his ease and grace of manner are beyond comparison. He was greeted with tremendous applause. Senator Patterson had a most able paper, written with fine finish, worthy of the man and the occasion.—*The Advance*.

GIVE BACK THE TROPHIES OF A BAD WAR.

It is a very praiseworthy suggestion which the New York *Tribune* makes in proposing that the United States government take the occasion of the coming World's Fair to return to the government of Mexico the guns and Mexican battle-flags captured at Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, Vera Cruz and other battlefields of the war of 1849. It is urged by the *Tribune* that these are the trophies of the only war of conquest in which the United States have ever engaged with the republics of this continent—an unequal war, whose trophies speak as loudly of valor overcome by numbers and by great resources as they do of the bravery of our own people. Undoubtedly, Congress could not perform a more graceful or more friendly act than to authorize the return of these relics to Mexico.—*Commonwealth*.

There is peace in Europe, but how different from the peace of God, from the peace of the kingdom of Christ. The peace of Europe arises from the fact that modern armies and military systems "are invested with so many elements of terror that the great powers must hesitate long before breaking the armed truce."—*Christian Advocate*.

Peace like a river and righteousness like the waves of the sea.